THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII SEPTEMBER, 1926 No. 9

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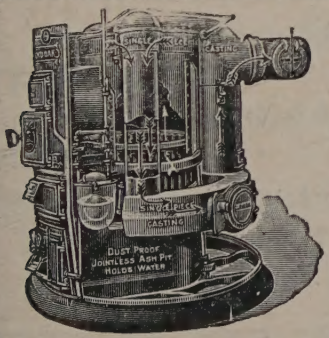

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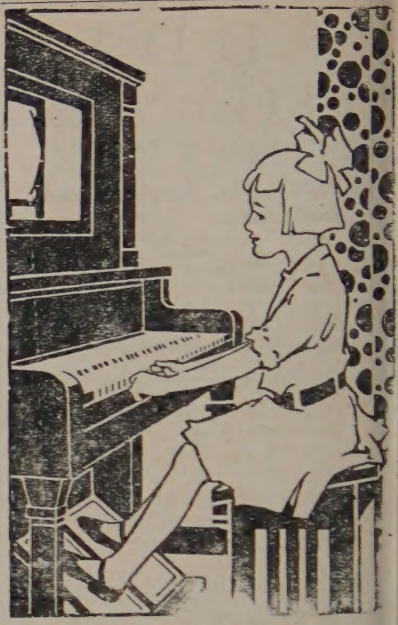
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The Hill Wife

By Claire Stewart Boyer

(Copied from the June issue of The Stratford Magazine.)

On bus or tram or plane
I'll never go.
The pulse of city streets
I cannot know,
Nor silk nor satin shall I wear,
Nor daring brilliants in my hair,
I am not fated thus to share
A life of show.

But I can put my old clothes on,
And softly go
And roam the crumlped hills at dawn
Where sand flow'rs grow,
I'll rest upon the soft brown skin
Of hillocks where the rain has been,
And watch God call the stars to him
In morning's glow.

CEDAR BREAKS

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIII SEPTEMBER, 1926 No. 9

At Cedar Breaks

By Kate Thomas

Alone with thy wide granduer, Lord, I love thee!
Thou hast made mine eyes to see thy beauty;
Thou hast made mine ears keen in thy silence;
Thou hast made my mind to reach out for thy glory
And my heart to thrill at every glimpse of vision.

Lo, in thy scale of wonders, what am I?
I may not tower as the beetling crag.
I have no firmness as thy mighty rock.
I have no breadth or depth like this great bowl,
Spreading a thousand colors to the sun—
A thousand varied moods in its stern stone,
Rousing quaint curiosity with awe
That aught so steadfast could so flippant be!
A jazz of giants from a Norseland myth
Deck'd in gay rags that swing to ponderous tread.

This is thine altar where I humbly kneel.
This thy cathedral where a crowd finds room.
This is a city deck'd with minarets.
Listen! where yonder comes the call to prayer,
Slowly the sun retreats to yon cool pine;
The jazz is silent and the gay rags bend
In meek obeisance at the holy cry.

Oh, never were such clouds to form a throne!
Never such cold-lipped glory of thy smile!
Alone, with thy magnificence, O Lord,
My soul lies prostrate at thy gracious feet.
Sinful and wayward, let me lay my hand
Upon the sacred turf where thou dost tread.
All trusting, all unworthy, Lord, I love thee!

The Lost City of Nevada

By Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

To one who has read the Book of Mormon, with some imagination, the finding of ancient ruins anywhere in America, indicative of a vanished race, cannot pass without exciting considerable curiosity. When, therefore, I read of the discovery of a lost city in southern Nevada I was burning with curiosity to see it.

During a visit I made to Panaca, Nevada, in the Spring of 1925, I had the good fortune to meet Governor J. G. Scrugham, of Nevada, who had been instrumental in the discovery of the prehistorical ruins which had been given the name of the Lost City. At that time he showed slides of the place and announced that a pageant depicting the past, as nearly as the ruins could tell the story, would be given that Spring on the site of the ancient pueblo itself. This pageant, he declared, was made possible through the generosity of John Jacob Chaloner, of New York City, a wealthy man who had become interested in the find and had donated sufficient money with which to carry on such a program.

I determined then to see the Lost City sooner or later. It was with no little pleasure, therefore, that I set out this Spring to visit this ancient place which was thought to antedate the Christian Era. We went by automobile to St. George and thence out through the desert to the famous land of a vanished race.

My interest in the pageant which was to be presented during our visit was increased because of the fact that E. H. Eastmond, head of the art department and professor of pageantry at Brigham Young University, as upon the year previous, was to have charge of the great drama of the ages. I had heard of the great pageant of the year previous and knew Professor Eastmond to be an indefatigable worker, when he set his hand to a production.

I was accompanied by Oscar A. Kirkham, A. A. Anderson, Victor Lindblad, and William Hawkins and his father, Dr. Hawkins. All of these men are Scout workers and have a keen interest in Indian relics and Indian lore. We felt like modern Coronados in search of "the seven rich and wonderful cities of Cibola" as we pushed into the desert over the old trail discovered first by Jedediah S. Smith, in 1826.

Jedediah S. Smith, we later learned, had taken an active part in the discovery of the lost city, though his bones had whitened somewhere on the Cimarron river for nearly a century. It seems that while that Columbus of the western mountain ranges was

making his first trip down the Virgin river toward California he had come upon a salt cave at the point where the Muddy river joins the Virgin, and had written of his discovery to General

PROFESSOR ELBERT H. EASTMOND

William Clark. This letter of Smith's dated Little Lake of Bear River, July 17, 1827, is to be found in a book called the *Ashley-Smith Explorations,* written by Harrison Clifford Dale.

In this letter, Mr. Smith says, "On the S. W. side of the river there is a cave, the entrance of which is about 10 or 15 feet high, and 5 or 6 feet in width; after descending about 15 feet, a room opens out from 25 to 30 feet in length and 15 to 20 feet in width; the roof, sides, and floor are solid rock salt, a sample of which I send you, with some other articles which will be hereafter described."

It was the reading of this letter of Smith's a century later by Governor Scrugham that led to the discovery of the Lost City, according to Don "Louis" Shellbach, whom we met at the Lost City upon our arrival there. Mr. Shellbach also makes the assertion, in an article regarding the prehistoric city, which was published in the *Arrowhead Magazine.* It seems from Mr. Shellbach's account, that Governor Scrugham was so impressed by the Smith

letter that he decided to investigate the territory surrounding the salt mine, and thereby came upon the first of the discoveries which led to the uncovering of Pueblo Grande de Nevada, the Lost City, a sort of mythical city which had been mentioned by Bancroft and by other visitors, including "Mormon" pioneers to the Muddy valley.

In his letter Jedediah S. Smith also mentions some strange plants which he saw for the first time along his route near the Virgin river. He says, after describing the "cabbage pear," probably the pear known as the nail-keg cactus: "There are here, also, a number of shrubs and small trees with which I was not acquainted previous to my route here, and which I cannot at present describe satisfactorily as it would take more space than I can here allot."

As one voyages out into the desert, beyond the divide above Santa Clara, he can easily understand that reference in the trpper's letter, for certainly he will see some strange plants and shrubs. The grotesque Joshuas stand like misshapen gorrillas along the roadside, and the mesquite, Mexican sword plant, chapparral and other plants make the place seem like a section of a new world. The solid rock mountains which rise from the plain in every direction do not detract at all from the weird atmosphere of the strange place.

When we reached St. Thomas, on the evening before the pageant, we found that already there was no room in the inn. People had come to the little city from many directions to witness the drama of the ages reenacted on the very soil that had seen the passing of many races of people. We found Professor Eastmond busy, but not too busy, as usual, to skip away to Bunkerville to aid somebody who needed his help. He had just returned and was feverishly getting things in shape for the dress rehearsal which was to occur that night.

We stopped not for food, but went directly to the Lost City so eager were we to see the place that had attracted the attention of America, the new discovery of a lost civilization. The sun was setting as we reached the ancient city, but fortunately Mr. Shellbach, an expert worker in the ruins, greeted us upon our arrival and immediately went with us to the latest discovery.

We looked over the ruins with interest as Mr. Shellbach reconstructed for us the history of the past as best he could from the findings. He said the ruins, some of them, were probably 2,000 years old and that they showed that a succession of peoples had occupied the Lost City from time to time, one following the other. He said sufficient work had not been done to place the dates very exactly.

It seems that peoples, in growing cultures, had followed each other in the valley. The quality of their culture was determined by the quality of the work they had left in the form of baskets

and pottery. Many of the ancient inhabitants, buried in the center of their living rooms and preserved by the dry sands of the valley, were found still resting peacefully after hundreds of years which had seen one people after another pass away. Mr. M. R. Harrington, archaeologist of the museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, and for the Smithsonian Institute, was in charge of the work of excavating the ruins.

The ruins might have been disappointing to us had we not been prepared for what we found. Only a few inches of the walls of the prehistoric houses were still standing, and nearly all of the pottery and the baskets which had been found had been shipped away. It took but a little imagination, however, to repeople the little

THE GREAT PAGEANT AND ITS STAGE—LOST CITY OF NEVADA

valley and to rebuild the pueblos of the past, a pattern of which had been constructed by the Zuni Indians of New Mexico, brought in for the purpose, on the site of one of the ancient buildings.

When we returned to the stage upon which the mighty pageant of the ages was to be enacted on the following day, we found Professor Eastmond busy working out the plan of his lights. The Governor had caused a temporary electric light plant, operated by a tractor, to be established for the purpose of furnishing light for the pageant which was to be given at night. Indians and actors of all descriptions were already assembling for the dress rehearsal.

The pageant was staged, about two miles from St. Thomas, on the site of the Lost City. The stage, a reconstructed play ground of the ancient people, was situated upon a sand dune. Around it were camped the Piutes and other Indians who had assembled to take part in the gigantic play. As we sat there under the Nevada stars with the sand which had probably polished the bones of a thousand people blowing in our eyes, with the modern

electric lights playing upon the newly erected ancient pueblos, I was struck with the uniqueness of the situation. Here were the Zunis, probable descendants of the ancient races; the Piutes who had probably driven out an earlier race and had taken possession of the land; the "Mormons" who had followed the Piutes into the Moapa valley, all working together to reconstruct the past. Above us played upon occasionally by the flood and spot lights, could be seen a representation of the Indian writings which are frequently found on the cliffs of the West, and above them was a huge electric sign spelling out the word NEVADA.

Around us everywhere were Indians eagerly watching the proceedings, some of them dressed in their tribal ceremonial clothing ready for the stage.

After a while Professor Eastmond pronounced the lights to be right and the great play began. First came representatives of the earliest inhabitants. These lived and played and worked around their houses until a fiery arrow flaming down from the star-flecked sky announced the arrival of a new and warlike tribe. The

THE COMING OF THE SPANIARDS

early inhabitants attempted to withstand the onslaught, but were soon forced to seek another home.

These invaders were in turn followed by the Spaniards under the direction of Escalante. These, disappointed at finding only ruins, soon tired of the deserted valley and returned to Mexico and to Spain.

In continuous succession the waves of people came, including Jedediah S. Smith and his company, the "Mormon" pioneers, and the Nevada commonwealth.

As we sat there, history was revived, and the cost of modern Nevada was depicted in a way that will long be remembered.

To witness this great pageant picturing the forgotten past, hundreds of people including a one-hundred piece band, came out of California in a long train of cars, and hundreds of automobiles gathered from near and far coming in on every winding road that led to St. Thomas. So gorgeous was the spectacle, so wonderful was the conception of the pageant, there under the stars above

THE "MORMON" PIONEERS

races of people who were already sleeping in the blowing sands when Columbus first set his foot on the shores of America, so romantic was the situation and the presentation, that none was disappointed. It was a great occasion.

As yet the Lost City has given up few secrets which have added materially to the knowledge of ancient America, but there is no telling when "Truth will speak out of the dust."

The coming of the "Mormons" hard upon the heels of Jedediah S. Smith was one of the most touching episodes of the great drama. When the fine old "Mormon" hymn, "Come, come ye Saints" broke from the lips of the bearded pioneers and their wives and children the entire audience was visibly affected.

The drama asks one big question: Who will be the next people? The "Mormons" entered the valley and abandoned it, then they re-

turned and are still there. Other peoples have entered and are still there, but will they remain or will they be succeeded by another race? If history repeats itself, the answer echoes back from those hundreds of sand dunes which hide the vestiges of an ancient civilization. These present people will depart and will be followed by a superior race perhaps, or by an inferior race, maybe.

The Lost City of Nevada stretches up and down the Muddy river in the neighborhood of St. Thomas for about five miles. Only a few of the ruins have been uncovered. No man can say what will yet be found there. It is safe to predict, however, that no evidence of a very superior civilization will be found. The early inhabitants were not as far advanced in the arts and sciences as those who inhabited Mexico and Central America. Because, however, no such civilization was suspected in Nevada, the discovery is important.

The pageant prepared by, and largely composed by Professor Eastmond, with the assistance of the archaeologists, certainly has added much to the interest in and the understanding of the place. Whether the pageant will be perpetuated or not has not been announced, but next year, certainly, since it is the centennial of the visit of Jedediah S. Smith, the first white man to visit the place after the days of Escalante, there will be some sort of a celebration in the Moapa Valley.

Left: Sam Mahooty, Zuni Indian.
Center: Don "Louis" Shellbach.
Right: M. R. Harrington.

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EDITORIAL

A Turn in the Road

Those who read Mr. Kenneth Robert's article, *Mormons and What Not,* published in the June 5 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post,* or *The Business End of Mormonism,* in the *Dearborn Independent* of March 27, will realize that there are others as well as Mr. M. R. Werner who published a very unacceptable *Life of Brigham Young,* in 1925, and Mr. Bernard De Voto, whose article on Utah in the March issue of the *American Mercury* is a libel on the history of Utah and her people.

Mr. Kenneth Roberts of the *Saturday Evening Post* is at all times a racy writer, no matter what his theme. His article on the "Mormons" indicates that he has an eye to see and a mind to comprehend, despite any interference that may come in his path. He has the following to say about Brigham Young: "Brigham Young had a large, aggressive and active hand in everything—agriculture, industry, architecture, city planning, drama, finance, military tactics, education, politics, morale building and various other matters; and the results that obtained through his own intelligence and foresight, coupled with the remarkable organi-

zation of the "Mormon" Church, were such that his name is almost as closely indentified with "Mormon" activities in Utah today and almost as frequently mentioned as it was when he was alive. This fact, considering that Brigham Young died in 1877, is enough to give pause to the most confirmed scoffer, if not to give him several pauses."

The article in the *Dearborn Independent* is in keeping with the motto of the paper, which is "A chronicler of the neglected truth." From this article, we quote the following: "One of the most costly and finely finished office buildings in this country was recently completed in Salt Lake City. Its cost was very nearly one million dollars, without the ground, and the entire building is used exclusively for the varied administration affairs of the "Mormon" Church. No one can stroll through that building without feeling that it was built for business—big business; and in talking with the heads of the various departments, the wonder grows amazingly of an organization, despised and belittled because little known, carrying on and increasing in marvelous variety, industrial and financial operations planned by its leaders."

There appear to be people who lack power to see things when they are spread before them, and others who are so malicious that they will not make truthful reports of that which they really observe. All we can say of such persons is "the more the pity." But what is particularly gratifying is that while there are those who in the midst of a harvest see only barrenness, there are others who see the truth and have the courage to tell the truth, for even in the midst of scurrilous reports there have not been lacking those who have reported the truth.

The Hill Wife

We are publishing in this issue of the *Magazine* a poem by Claire Stewart Boyer entitled *The Hill Wife,* copied from the June issue of *The Stratford Magazine.*

We certainly congratulate Mrs. Boyer on the thought concept and the literary quality of the poem. We are not at all surprised that *The Stratford Magazine,* which is of very high literary quality, should accept this poem. *The Stratford Magazine* is committed to high class creative work, and is, as it purports to be "a monthly literary magazine of an unusual character for creative readers." The magazine announces a prize of $100, to be awarded every four months, until further notice, for the best poem submitted to the editors during those four months. "There is no limitation as to style or subject or length. The editors have no dogmatic standards about forms of poetry. What they are concerned with is the substance."

Of Birthdays

Sun, why do you hurry?
Why do you clear at one mad bound
The frail, sweet mist,
And, bursting once in shouting radiance,
Rout out the lingering muses of the night?
Why do you scud and slither up your path
So easily and so cruelly?
Oh, dumb relentless Sun,
Is it I who goad you?
I would fight you, hold you—
Tie you with sullen weights—dream-wrought and terrible.
Oh, grant me but a little moment still
Before you lash your noon light on the world;
Before you totter for that awful leap
That flings you from zenith into night—
But stay; your brassy breath is fading now!
Oh, blind Sun, dazzled by your own thin light,
See now already how you call up little shadows—
Blue and low, but feeling—gathering,
They frighten me, they whisper as they creep;
Sweet Sun, be kind and spare us but an hour.
The air is purple now the wind is waiting
A long sigh from the west.
Fogive me, Sun,
I did forget the glory of thy setting!

H. N.

Editors Note: This poem was written by Master Hugh Nibley, the fifteen-year-old grandson of President Charles W. Nibley, on the occasion of the last birthday of his gradmother, Rebecca Neibaur Nibley.

The Master Key

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp.

I. OUR COUSIN FROM UTAH

There was an unusual flutter of joy in our home that day, due to an unexpected letter containing an unexpected message.

Father was standing in the doorway, his arms complacently folded, while a comfortable smile gradually brightened all his features.

Harold continued playing with the white kitten in the door-yard, telling his pet over and over that there was great news.

At that moment, I should have been upstairs sweeping the bedrooms. Instead, I was loitering below, broom in hand, to talk things over with Father and Grandma.

Grandma Ingles, after polishing her glasses, said, "I want to go over that letter again. I didn't get all the good out of it the first time."

Father handed the letter to her. Skipping the head lines, she read aloud:

My dear Uncle Harvor and Family:

"In compliance with the request made by the leaders of my Church, I have accepted a call to go as a Latter-day Saint missionary to New Zealand. My boat shall leave Vancouver July 1.

"According to my schedule, I shall have a week in which to visit you in your woodland home in the state of Washington. Father is well pleased that I shall have this opportunity of meeting my uncle and cousins. His feelings are warm as ever toward you all.

"We received the picture of Harold and his pony. The forest scene is enchanting.

"Mother wishes me to make sure that my intended visit is agreeable with you.

"Nothing hindering, I shall be with you soon.

"Yours in good faith,

"Sterling Westover."

"P. S. Inclosed find my photo. Study it carefully, in order to be able to identify the original when you shall see him.

"S. W."

"I'll know him," said Father. "He so much resembles his dad."

"I've never heard you say much about Uncle Steve," said I.

"That's so," said Father. "Steve was always a jolly, fine old brother. He accepted the principles of 'Mormonism' in his youth and left us all, for we were against him. Zealous soul. He stood firmly by his new faith in prophets and patriarchs and divine revelation. For consolation he used to sing:

"Do what is right,
Let the consequence follow."

"Seems to me that's good doctrine for any one of us," said I to father.

"Yes it is," said Father. "Steve did what he knew to be right, and now we see the consequences. His first- born child has grown up and turned missionary, and is now going abroad to teach and preach the principles of his father's faith." Father's voice became almost confidential. "As for me, I clung to the faith of my parents in a luke-warm sort of way just to please mother, then later to please my wife. Neither one of them would hear of my joining with the 'Mormons'. Today I am reaping as I have sown."

"What are you reaping, Father?" I queried curiously.

"You may better ask your own heart, daughter," said he. "Gertrude, you are now nearly nineteen years old, what is your established religious belief?"

"No established creed," said I, adding blithely, "just a little of everything. Like the honey-bee I try to gather nectar from every sweet flower that blows."

"Just so," nodded father, "but where is your foundation? What about a substantial rock upon which to build?"

Not caring to answer these blunt questions, I rushed over to the writing-table and took up the pen. "What shall I tell Cousin Sterling for you?" asked I.

"Tell him that my heart and home are standing wide open to him," said he.

"Yes, and tell his mother that we shall be glad to receive Sterling," added Grandma.

After that letter had been posted, everything we did seemed to project toward the comfort of our expected visitor.

One night at sunset, Harold bounded toward the gate and was seen hugging and kissing a strange gentleman. Pulling him toward the door, he introduced him as "my cousin from Utah."

"Not so swift, youngster," said the man. "I'm only around in the interest of a new cream separator."

A day or two later, Harold almost compelled a book-binder to answer as our cousin from Utah.

Then, one day when we were thinking least about him, in walked a tall, handsome youth. By his frank, blue eyes and honest smile we knew him for our own true cousin.

Grandma Ingles began laying the table-cloth at once. That was her dear, house-wifely way of welcoming anyone.

"Why it's Steve over again to be sure," said father. He seemed completely captivated by the presence of his fine, young nephew.

Little Harold ran for his bright tin pail and made us promise him a day in the woods black-berrying with cousin Sterling.

"Tomorrow morning," specified Harold. To this there was not a dissenting voice.

Few and pleasant were the preliminaries for our day in the woods. While Grandma Ingles was spreading sandwiches, Harold and I took Sterling to see the little log cabin that Father and Mother had built in the clearing long ago. It now served as a granary.

"What a fascinating history," said Sterling, gazing from the cabin to the big house where the honey-suckle twined.

Next we took him to see the mammoth tree from our farm in the clearing. It had been uprooted the year before and now lay a log "dry, bald and sere," but we were immensely proudof it.

From the tree Harold spied a patch of field daisies. We found them waist-high amid the grasses. Sterling grew reminiscent and told us about the sego Lily, Sweet William, and Indian Paint Brush growing wild on the sage-brush plains at home.

" 'Twas an unforgettable day in the midst of the blackberries. We filled Harold's shining tin pail dozens of times.

"Blackberry pies for Cousin Sterling," laughed Harold. And he was correct.

That evening a few of our neighbors came in. We were proud of our cousin from Utah, and wanted them to know him.

"Friends," said my Father, "my nephew Sterling is a Latter-day Saint missionary. I want him to sing us a true 'Mormon' hymn."

So Sterling sang:

"We thank thee, O God, for a prophet
To guide us in these latter days,
We thank thee for sending the gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays,
We thank thee for every blessing
Bestowed by thy bounteous hand,
We feel it a pleasure to serve thee
And love to obey thy command."

The three verses of this hymn portrayed the inner life of the true Latter-day Saint.

After the party, several persons paused to shake hands with Sterling and thank him for his song. Little Harold, clinging to Sterling's hand, begged him to promise that he would go across the valley and sing to Aunt Sue.

"If your father is willing," said Sterling.

Of course father was willing. It was the opportunity toward which he had been looking forward. It gave him a chance to take Sterling for a ride in our splendid new car. How happy they both appeared!

Aunt Sue liked the hymn, "O My Father," because, as she explained, it contains a sermon. Father joined in her enthusiasm

and said his soul had been hungering for just such a doctrine for a long time.

How strange of father to make such a remark! Time and time again quoted:

"I had learned to call thee Father,
Through thy Spirit from on high;
But until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why."

"Isn't that a gem, Gertrude?" he asked.

"I don't understand," said I.

"Likely not, my girl," said he. "The key of knowledge has reference to the principles of divine revelation."

I did not wish to mar Cousin Sterling'st visit by any contrariness on my part. Therefore I acquiesced to father's joy.

The week of our missionary's visit ended quickly. We performed the farewell courtesy of taking Sterling to the wharf whence he was to sail up Puget Sound on his way to Vancouver.

Father's voice seemed to choke as he bade Sterling goodby. Harold burst out into loud sobs. Grandma and I felt touched and tender as we watched the boat now pushing farther and farther away from us. Father alone was moved to speak.

"You may depend upon one thing," said he. "Sterling Westover owns in his religion a vital spark, a gem, a pearl of great price which we do not possess."

2. ALOHA GARLANDS

Father kept turning in his mind the impressive features of Cousin Sterling's visit. Often he sang this snatch of a hymn:

"Open mine eyes that I may see
Visions of truth thou hast for me,
Place in my hand the wonderful key
That shall unlock and set me free.'

Often Father tried to lead my thoughts toward "Mormon" doctrine and get me interested in gems of scripture, but I would not heed him.

The main excuse for my indifference was the heavy course I was carrying at school. I was absorbed in my studies for I had an inspiring goal in view. By spring-time I had attained it. Home I came with my certificate from the Normal Training School. How proud and glad we all were!

I also had a surprise for Father. It was my contract for a year's teaching in the government school in Hawaii.

"Is my little Gertrude going to the summer Isles?" said father.

"Your little Gertrude is twenty years old," said I. "She ought to try to work for herself."

Grandma Ingles, the only mother I had known for long

years, remonstrated with me. It was hard to withstand her tears, but I had already signed the contract and nothing could deter me.

The greater part of the Summer was spent in preparation for the trip. In the Month of August, I set sail on the steamer *Makura*, and in seven days arrived at Honolulu.

When I set foot on the side-walk I half believed that a fairy rainbow had come down from the sky, so appeared the bright-hued strings and strings of flowers in the hands of the "*lei*-sellers."

I now boarded the train which would take me to the village where I was due. Past fields of tender greenness, mile on mile! past Oleander trees and acres of waving cane wound the little rail-road car. At last we arrived at a small village on Oahu.

The little green-painted school house stood in a "pai pai" grove. One or two banana trees shaded the door-step.

I roved down by the beach to catch a glimpse of my little pupils. A group of them were diving off the cliff into the "Beauty Hole." Ah, what experts in the water!

The next day I met the dear little brown-faced group in the school room. They were quiet and shy, but perhaps not more so than their teacher.

The new situation seemed difficult, especially when I recalled Harold's kisses, Grandma's tears, and father's patience. (My spirit was still at home with my dear ones.)

After school it was my wont to stand on the steps and gaze out toward the sea. The waves held out their long arms and ran blithely toward the beach.

One day a Hawaiian mother beckoned to me from the taro field. I ran toward her. She placed a great wreath of fragrant white blossoms round my neck. "Aloha oe", she said sweetly.

When the moonlight shone on the wide sea, the little boys and girls took me to a Sea Shell party. We wandered up and down the strand gathering shells.

I took the shells home and placed them on the table. They began moving off. Living shells! Whatever was I to do with them?

In the midst of my pleasures I was stricken with a dreadful neuralgia. The district physician, Dr. Edgar Young, was called to my aid. The sincere attention of Dr. Young was a comfort to me. I rallied from my sick spell to learn that I had made a true and lasting friend.

Dr. Young continued his calls, but with a different motive, of course. As the weeks passed into months, we had many a joyous evening together. On Saturday we took a trip over the "Pali", another time we visited the caves. One beautiful night we strolled for miles along the beach and saw the distant light house.

The esteem Dr. Young and I held for each other was budding into a flower of tenderest regard—aye a wonderful Blossom of Promise!

As Christmas day approached a boat from the coast came bringing me greetings and letters from home. Ah, 'tis sweet, very sweet, to be remembered! On Christmas eve I sat up reading letters until midnight. As I closed my eyes, I could see the dear, smiling faces of my kindred and friends at home.

I awoke as in a dream to the entrancing sound of silvery mandolins and mellow guitars under my window. The Hawaiian serenaders!

What sway over the heart their rich outpour of harmony! I was unutterably happy. No friends could be truer, nearer, dearer, than those beloved and loving Hawaiians in their blessed mood of song!

During Christmas day I roamed the beach hand in hand with my little dark-eyed Hawaiian pupils. The billows, spreading their sky-blue veils, danced in the sunshine. Blithely the little ones sang:

"The winds from over the sea
Sing softly Aloha to me!"

That evening I attended a beautiful Christmas party in a Hawaiian garden. My light dress and the fragrant violet wreath I wore, made me think more of springtime than of Christmas until Edgar mentioned the pine trees at home.

"Ah, yes," I answered wistfully, "but this is no time to be climbing snow-drifts."

"No," said he. "This is the season fair of rose-hued dreams, of trust and loveliness and high romance!"

Why did my inmost heart so thrill to these words? They seemed to breathe the sacred aroma of a dream near-realized.

That night after the party, I listened to the *"sweetest story ever told,"* and I answered my lover's simple confession with guileless faith. "Aloha" had surely come into our hearts, and linked our young souls in bliss.

O loveliness of balm and breeze
O white and blue and summer seas,—
So blithe with fond enwreathing smile
Encircling fair my summer isle!
I would my simple words might tell
The meaning of the miracle,
The inner peace naught canst destroy
Ah, Dream of dreams, "Aloha Oe."

Dwelling in this realm of roseate happiness, I was illy prepared for the shock that came presently. My father wrote that he had joined the "Mormon" Church and had gone to Utah.

I did not know what to make of it. In my grief, I clung more

closely to my steadfast lover. He comforted me unspeakably, although, like myself, he felt to revolt at my father's act of joining the "Mormon" church.

"Perhaps we'll retaliate by surprising him with the news of our marriage," said Edgar. It was not to be done in the spirit of retaliation, however.

I wrote and told father our plans quite in detail. He appreciated my confidence and wrote a letter charged with loving counsel and devotion. He must have been thinking of the "Mormon" religion all the time, for he said, "My regret is that the nature of your marriage ceremony is not binding for time and all eternity. The covenant you are about to enter into is valid for this life only—till death doth part." To this I merely smiled.

The following June, Edgar and I were married in a beautiful Hawaiian rose-bower. Wishing us joy, the minister said, "Sweethearts, be happy in your happiness."

Not even a passing thought did we give to those solemn words, "Till death doth part."

3. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Rosy child
Gleeful, wild
Restless, eager or mild,
My constant, my warm-hearted lover!
Joyous ray,
On my way,
How I bless the dear day
I earned the sweet title of Mother!

More than four years had passed since Sterling's first visit to our home bringing the message that had divided our family and had taken father from us. (I never could quite forgive Sterling.)

Edgar and I were living in California now within easy reach of relatives, yet we saw them rarely.

As I lay with my beautiful first-born child on my arm, I wished yearningly that father were nearer to share our happiness. Edgar wished the same, and often expressed it.

While I lay thus meditating on family affairs, the nurse came in, all smiles. After her came Father, also all smiles. Bending over the babe and me he kissed us and said: "Daughter, I can never wish you any greater happiness than this."

Edgar came home, and we all rejoiced together. The hours slipped by magically. I was awakened by a shock when Father said: "I must go tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning!" I cried. "I had supposed you would remain with us several weeks."

"I'm on my way to Australia to fulfil a mission," he explained.

"How peculiar!" said I, thinking aloud.

Father smiled knowingly. "Yes, daughter I am now numbered among God's peculiar people," said he. "No wonder my conduct seems strange and new to you. It is only natural and right that I shall fulfil a mission."

"Tell me something concerning your belief, Father," said I. (This was the first time I had ever asked him anything concerning it.)

Looking upon my sleeping babe, he said, "We believe that when a woman has earned the sweet title of Mother, her child ought to belong to her thoughout time and all eternity."

"How do you know whether or not this child is mine for all eternity?" said I in agitation.

Father answered calmly. "Do not feel hurt, Gertrude. When husband and wife are married in God's Holy Temple, they belong to each other forever, and the children that come to them are theirs forever."

"I'm living here and now," said I. "Here and now is all I care to concern myself about."

"Here and now is a most vital period,' said father, "for all who dwell on earth. We, as mortals, are truly in a state of probation for that which is to follow."

I cared so little for Father's strange doctrine that I was glad to keep our conversation on other subjects during the remainder of his visit.

A few days after Father had taken leave of us, Edgar complained of a severe pain under his left arm. Examining we found a small lump embedded in the arm pit.

My husband went at once to some noted specialist who said, "We can remove the growth, my friend. You'll be well again within a month."

So we arranged for an operation at once to "shell out" the vicious lump from its precarious location. The specialists met, and without delay, removed it.

We now hoped for a rosy horizon after our hour of distress. Alas, within three weeks, the lump was back again in the same place, three times bigger than the original had been!

"Is it tumor?" I asked in a whisper.

"Yes," said Edgar hoarsely. (He had bravely kept it from me until now.)

We made rapid preparations to enter a Sanatorium in Michigan. But upon arriving there we received a stunning blow—"In your condition, you must acquaint yourself with the fact that your remaining life upon this earth is not very long."

"It is as I had supposed," answered Edgar, trying to be calm for my sake.

Oh, the nights of sleepless watching and anguish of soul!

In our extremity, there came to us a "healer" who promised to burn the sore away with a powerful caustic.

"It looks like a faint gleam of possible hope," said Edgar.

"Then do try it," I urged.

So he submitted himself to this severe ordeal, which, instead of curing, brought him very low. Yet, even in his exhausted state, he whispered words of consolation, strange counsel coming from his heart: "Listen to the words of your father, Dearest. Search his strange doctrine. It soothes my soul to fancy that we two may be united as husband and wife for all eternity."

Solemnly I promised that I would inquire diligently into my father's faith.

Although so weak and worn, my husband lingered many weeks. He had time to dictate a letter to his dear child.

"Save it for him, Dearest, until he shall be old enough to read it himself."

Part of the letter said, "My heart's dearest desire is that I shall still have my wife and child in this same dear relationship in the eternal world."

After the last tender farewell had been uttered and my life-companion was gone from me, these sad, sad words rang through my mind, "Till death doth part. Till death doth part."

4. MY SEARCH FOR THE LIGHT

I had never quite forgiven cousin Sterling for bringing to our home the gospel message that took father away from us. In the days of my early widowhood, my thoughts toward Sterling were bitter and upbraiding. From my home in California I wrote him a letter of chiding and reproach. Said in part: "Your influence has gone out against me. Father believed in you implicity. You succeeded in converting him to 'Mormonism.' In this sad hour when I need him, where is he? In far off Australia carrying your gospel message to sever kindred ties and to divide homes."

I did not expect a reply to this letter. I did not plan on meeting cousin Sterling again in my life. Therefore it was a surprise when he came to my home in California. He greeted me kindly and his whole manner was full of patience and brotherly love. Not in any way did he wound my sensitive feelings. He did not mention one word of religion. In soothing tone, he counselled rest and change of scene.

Without trying to be interested I listened while cousin Sterling told all about Beatrice and Baby Beatrice—his wife and their child. When he was through, he began all over again, for he could not say enough about them. I longed to see the dimpled baby and compare her with my own sweet cherub.

I could picture cousin Sterling's home in southern Utah. The scene seemed almost familiar from his words. There was the modest gray house set back in a spacious yard and surrounded by ash and apple trees. At the front lilacs and snow-balls bloomed, and an inviting path led to the sunny, smiling meadow where the cattle grazed.

"I wonder, Gertrude, if you and baby would like to spend the Summer with Beatrice and me on our Home-ranch?" said Sterling. "Why not?"

"Why not?" These words re-echoed themselves while I dallied with my purpose many days.

"Yes, I'll go," said I at last.

We were soon on our way. Leaving the orange groves, a night's journey brought us to the sage-brush plains of southern Utah. We stepped into an auto which took us winding over hills and along dug-ways until we came at last to Sterling's home.

The settlement consisted of a number of farm houses with a white painted school house in their midst. The river ran through a deep rocky gorge while the creek girdled the farms in a fair winding curve.

Each day I walked along the creek-side for miles and miles watching the smoothly gliding waters. Often I sat on the bank holding my darling babe and amusing him by casting pebbles.

On Sundays I attended church with Sterling and family, there being no other diversion for me.

When the first Sunday in June arrived, Sterling and Beatrice observed it as "Fast Day." Somehow I felt that I wished to fast, too. They did not urge me at all, neither did they discourage me. Of my own free will I fasted and prayed for divine light and guidance. What an epoch was that day in my life!

During the afternoon I sat in the midst of a congregation of Latter-day Saints and listened to their testimonies. A spirit of deep calm and peace filled my soul.

One dear, grey-haired mother rose and said that she had been acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, back in the days of old Nauvoo. She testified that his mission was God-appointed, and, that in dying a martyr, he sealed his testimony with his blood.

A modest school-girl rose and said: "My dear friends, let us read the Book of Mormon often and well. It is an unusual book, having been translated from plates of gold that were brought forth out of the hill Cumorah. These plates of gold had lain hidden in the hill Cumorah fourteen hundred years. They were guarded by an angel of God. Finally they were translated by the gift and power of God."

These words so impressed me that I desired to read the Book of Mormon;

"Read the last chapter first," suggested Cousin Sterling. I was puzzled to know his meaning, but I turned to the last chapter and found this promise in the Book of Moroni, chapter 10:3-4:

"Behold, I would exhort you that when ye shall read these things, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read them, that ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam even down until the time that ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts.

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

Having been admonished in this solemn manner, I read the Book of Mormon reverently, prayerfully, and with "real intent." It was line upon line and precept upon precept with me. As a thirsty plant receives the dews of heaven, so my soul absorbed those precious, doctrinal lessons.

When I had finished the book, I said to Sterling, "Father is justified in his course. God bless him. 'Tis I alone who am at fault."

"Not all come into the kingdom in the same hour," said Sterling. "You must not chide yourself, Gertrude."

I wrote and told father my intention of embracing the gospel. He counseled me to weigh and consider the problem deeply, and make haste slowly. I studied the principles of faith and repentance and the ordinances of baptism by immersion, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

How blessed the day that I embraced the gospel, and, with full purpose of heart, determined to live the life of a Latter-day Saint! More blessed was the day in which I was privileged to enter Zion's white-gleaming temple to be united in wedlock to my dear, departed companion. My cup of blessing seemed overflowing in the hour when our dear son was sealed to Edgar and me—our child for all eternity!

In due time, I wrote and told Grandma Ingles all about my conversion. For Harold's sake she is becoming an earnest investigator. The dear child prays that we all shall be reunited under one roof when father returns from Australia.

The mists are clearing away. A new day is dawning for our family. Shall we dwell together in Zion? And shall Zion be Zion unto us? This is my cherished hope. Then, in sweet unison, we shall sing the words of Eliza R. Snow:

"I had learned to call thee Father
Through thy spirit from on high,
But until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why."

The End.

Of Interest to Women

Lalene H. Hart

Many inquiries have come concerning the making of jellies and jams, the reasons for some successes and many failures, and the preservation of canned fruits and vegetables. Some of these questions have been answered in previous articles, but for the benefit of those who may be new subscribers to the *Magazine* a few general suggestions are given.

There are various reasons for failures, some of which may easily be avoided. One is that fruit is used which does not contain enough pectin, the jelling substance, or that the fruit is too ripe when used. A test which the housewife can make to determine whether there is enough pectin in the fruit is to combine a tablespoon of cold, cooked juice with an equal amount of alcohol. If it forms into a gelatinous mass it will make jelly. Some kinds of plums, apples, currants and grapes contain a large amount of pectin. the different kinds of berries cannot be depended on. Sometimes they are satisfactory, other times not. Fruits that have a good flavor have to be combined with other fruits or commercial pectin. There are many combinations that are delicious. The housewife can use such of the fruit she has at hand in the combinations of flavors she likes best.

The use of commercial pectin, by the unskilled, eliminates failures. For all its use saves time and energy and worry, and utilizes fruit that perhaps otherwise would be wasted. Some housewives have asked if it is expensive to use. Everything taken into consideration, it is not. More sugar is required with the same amount of juice if used in the ordinary way, but the final product is double the amount. Then, too, the minimum time required for cooking diminishes the cost of fuel. In most places, some kind of fruit can be obtained the year round, and if one's supply of jelly or jam is exhausted it can be replenished at any time of year. In jelly-making, as in other food preparations, the material used will determine the result. Some housewives think when fruit cannot be used for anything else, good jelly or jam can be made. Not so, it is economy to buy the best kind for the desired use. However, any kind of fruit, especially berries that are a bit overripe and cannot be used as well for serving fresh, will make as good a preserved product as firmer ones. Inferior fruit is deficient in flavor.

A few steps in the general process of jelly making may help the inexperienced. Pick over carefully and wash fruit. It is not necessary to peel or stone or stem the fruit, but cut large kinds

into small pieces that it may cook evenly. Cook until pulp is soft, in as little water as possible. Pour into a muslin or flannel jelly bag, and let drip over night. Do not squeeze pulp if a clear sparkling jelly is desired. It is better to make two grades. If juice is not ver ythick when thoroughly cold, boil rapidly ten to fifteen minutes to evaporate surplus water, measure and add sugar in equal parts for fruits such as grapes, blue plums or currants. Some other kinds only require three-fourths as much sugar. Cook rapidly until when dropped from the spoon it is thick and the drops are about the size of a pea. Never let jelly simmer or it may turn to syrup. Do not cook more than a quart at one time in the same vessel, a smaller amount is preferable. Pour jelly into hot sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin while hot. If necessary, when cold, add a thin coating of paraffin. This method is more sure of keeping dust and bacteria out.

The method of making jam and preserves is practically the same, except seeds, stones, etc., are removed, and the juice is not strained. Only three-fourths as much sugar as pulp is required. When commercial pectin is used the proportions are different. Follow directions carefully, unless by experiment you have found different proportions equally as good, which is the case with some kinds of fruit.

As to the use of preservatives in fruit and vegetables, it is not to be recommended. If properly processed in canning, and perfectly fitting lids and jars are used, there need be little trouble in keeping them. It is true that perfectly new lids and rubbers will somtimes cause trouble because they are inferior. The foods will keep perfectly by use of the preservative, but they may not comply with the pure food law or be conducive to good health. If, however, vegetables especially, do spoil they should be disposed of in other ways than feeding to chickens; they may or may not survive.

These suggestions will not be printed in time for many to use them but may be of some help another season.

* * *

New potatoes will scrape more easily if allowed to stand a short time in water to which a little common soda has been added. They do not stain the hands as readily, if treated this way—*Mrs. N. R.*, McCammon, Idaho.

* * *

To keep food in a cool place, when ice could not be obtained, I found a water-cooler very satisfactory. Make a frame, as for a cupboard, with the desired number of shelves. Cover all with a canvas, put a pan of water on top. Put pieces of cloth in the water and let them hang down on all sides so as to keep the canvas constantly wet. The evaporation of the moisture keeps the food cool.—*Mrs. L. P. B.*, Rigby, Idaho.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Kolob Stake

Anniversary day was observed in the Kolob stake by holding in the various wards a practical work meeting. Each ward was asked by the stake board to make one quilt, sew some carpet and rug rags to be used in the stake for community welfare purposes, and to assist five over-burdened mothers with sewing, mending and darning. The meetings were held on Tuesday, March 16, and it was indeed an inspiring sight to see so many happy, busy women giving their services so willingly. The stake Relief Society presidency visited each ward during the afternoon. The program, which was given when the work was finished, was a progressive one, each ward furnishing one number and presenting it to the other wards of the stake. Following is a report of the total attendance and the total work accomplished in the six wards during the afternoon from one to five o'clock: Members in attendance, 325; visitors. 80; total, 405; work done for the stake: 9 quilts, complete, 5 quilt tops (blocks cut and sewed), 100 quilt blocks (cut and sewed), 90 pounds rags cut and sewed; work done for the over-burdened mothers: 3 ladies' dresses, 9 children's dresses, 3 boys' waists, 5 ladies' aprons, 1 lady's princess slip, 1 child's underskirt, 5 pairs bloomers, 1 pair boys' pants, 2 shirts, 3 night gowns, 1 layette, 37 pair stockings darned, and 6 pairs overalls, 1 pair pants, 1 shirt mended.

Included in the above tabulation is the report from Thistle ward, which we repeat separately, inasmuch as this ward is the youngest in the stake, having been organized June 14, 1925, less than one year before this report was made: 1 quilt top complete and 1 set of blocks, 17 balls of rug rags; work for over-burdened mothers: 1 bloomer dress, 1 child's apron, 3 ladies' aprons; articles made for sale: 1 doily, 1 dresser scarf, 1 crochet yoke, 1 luncheon cloth, 2 handkerchiefs with crocheted borders.

Cottonwood Stake.

An interesting contest in teachers' work in the Millcreek ward is reported by Maud Chegwidden, secretary:

"Our ward has inaugurated a very interesting contest among the visiting teachers, which has proved very successful. We have forty teachers, which we divided into four groups, one teacher

from each group being appointed as leader of her team of ten. The duties of this leader are to visit her own district each month along with her companion, and also to be ready to visit any of the other four dictricts under her supervision, should one of that district's own teachers be unable to go. This teacher is therefore responsible for each home being visited by Relief Society teachers each month. She is also to see that the teachers use the topic given for conversation in the home, and that they obtain the necessary statistics from each Relief Society member regarding visits to or days spent with, the sick, and days spent in temple work—a part of the teachers' duties which we found very sadly neglected. We award each pair of teachers the number of points they have scored each month, our method of scoring being as follows: visit by both teachers, 10 points; visit by one teacher, 5 points; every home visited, 10 points; only part of homes visited, 5 points; statistics obtained, 10 points; total possible number of points each month, 30. If the supervising teacher substitutes for one of the regular teachers in the visiting, that pair of teachers, of course, only scores 5 points for the round of visits. We have made a large score card, which hangs on our meeting-room wall, and which is marked by our secretary every month. At the end of the year the reward comes. The two losing teams agree to entertain the two winning teams, and the officers of our Society are all fervently hoping for an invitation to the banquet also. A spirit of friendly competition or rivalry is always good: it revives drooping interest and adds enthusiasm and "pep," and this contest of ours is indeed giving wonderful results. The visiting teachers of our ward have never before been so attentive to their duties, during the six years' service of the present secretary."

Hawaiian Mission.

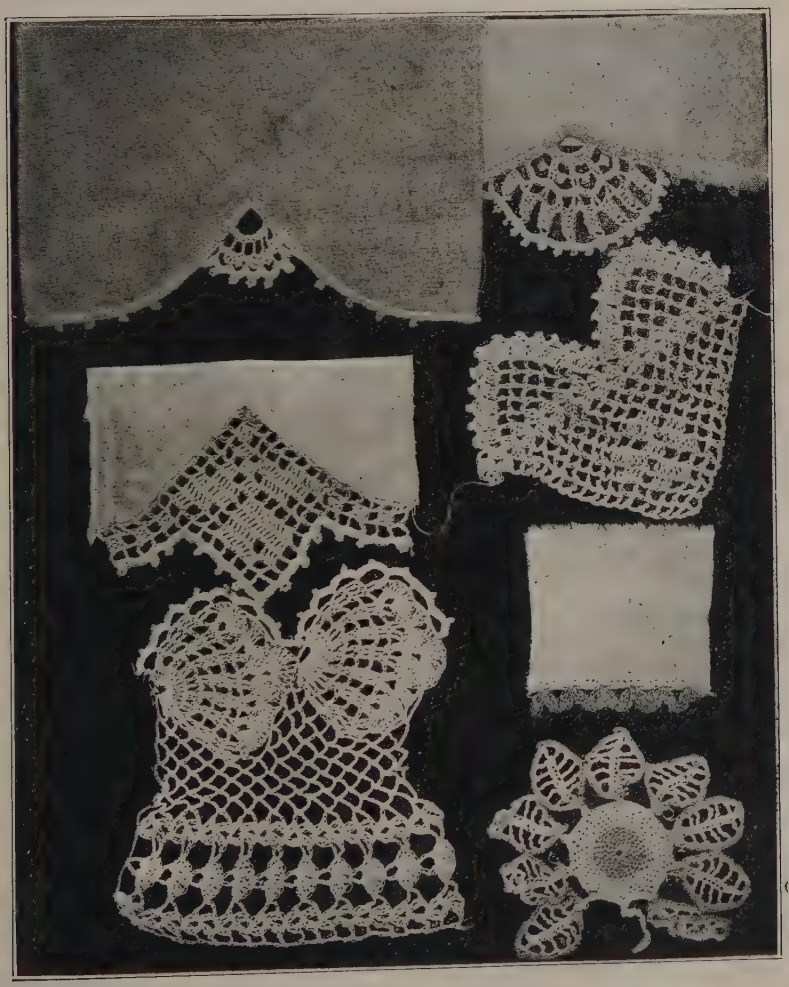
A very successful general conference of the Relief Society of the Hawaiian mission was held in Honolulu, April 3, with Mrs. Olivia Waddoups presiding. There were in attendance 469. Twenty-five small children brought by their mothers, were cared for in the nursery by three women who volunteered for this duty. This left the mothers free to give their time and attention to the matters presented in the conference.

Among those who addressed the conference were the Relief Society presidency, President Eugene Neff, Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde of the General Board, Dr. N. A. Sinclaire, (a tuberculosis specialist and supervising physician of the tuberculosis Sanatorium), and Miss Arnold, supervising nurse of the Palama Social Settlement. Miss Arnold gave a demonstration and illustrated talk on the care and treatment of simple diseases prevalent among the children in Hawaii.

At the officers' meeting held in connection with the confer-

ence, with 212 officers and teachers present, excellent reports were given from the various branches, and vital problems discussed.

A feature of the conference was the pageant, "The Guardianship of Life," which was given under the direction of Mrs. Hyde. It was beautifully given and enthusiastically received by the large audience who witnessed it. The chapel was beautifully decorated for the conference, with ferns, palms and orchids. Elder Joseph McQuire brought most of the flowers and palms from his own private collection.



SAMPLES OF CROCHET WORK DONE IN NORTH SANPETE STAKE IN WORK AND BUSINESS MEETING.

SAMPLES OF CROCHET WORK DONE IN NORTH SANPETE STAKE IN WORK AND BUSINESS MEETING.

Blackfoot Stake.

Blackfoot stake is justly proud of the record made by its Relief Society chorus of some seventy voices. About two years ago, the chorister, Mrs. Emma J. Beck, to whom much credit is due, organized in each of the fourteen associations a double trio. The combined groups make up the stake chorus, and meet three times a month for practice. Bishops of the wards speak highly of the service rendered by the Relief Society trios at special meet-

ings, funerals, etc., while the stake chorus has assisted greatly by singing for stake entertainments, conventions and conferences.

BLACKFOOT STAKE CHORUS

They will furnish the singing for one day of the next quarterly conference, and are also at work on a cantata to be given in May. Mrs. Ada Nuttall Parkinson is the efficient organist.

European Mission.

Elder Maurice Nuttall, who is laboring as a missionary in Germany, writes the General Board as follows:

"A short time ago while I was tracting, or going from house to house distributing literature, I met a man who told me the following story: Just after the world war, and while this man was yet in the army, he was in the city of Plauen, when a shipment of food and clothing arrived from the 'Mormon' Relief Society in Utah. As he stood watching the distribution of the goods, a Relief Society woman took him by the arm, led him into the crowd, and gave him something to eat. From that time to this, he has thought well of the 'Mormon' people. And last week, when he read in the paper a long article against the 'Mormons,' he said he could not

believe such things of the people who had helped him, and hundreds of others, four years ago.

"When I met this man, I told him a little about our Church, but he already had a testimony, and was only waiting for the missionaries, or someone else, to invite him to meetings. He and his family are now visiting our meetings regularly and are intensely interested. 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' This man was converted by people thousands of miles from him. Yes, he was given a testimony by an organization of women who are devoting their lives to good deeds. This testimony was strengthened by an article in a newspaper, and then a missionary was led to his door to bring this testimony to life. We missionaries ever pray for the success of such organizations as the Relief Society, and may the Lord make your work as successful in the future as it has been in the past."

REORGANIZATIONS

Eastern States Mission.

The Eastern States mission Relief Society was reorganized in March of this year, with the release of Miss Luella B. Owen, who had served as president in connection with her other missionary duties. Miss Elizabeth Skolfield, another missionary and daughter of Dr. Jane Skolfield of Salt Lake City, was appointed to succeed Miss Owen. Miss Skolfield has been very active since her appointment, and is making plans to visit all the Relief Society branches in her territory in the near future.

Wayne Stake.

On May 9, the Wayne stake Relief Society was organized. Mrs. Bathsheba Grundy tendered her resignation and was honorably released with deep appreciation for her many years of faithful service. Mrs. Grundy and her retiring board members are greatly beloved in Wayne stake for their devotion to the Relief Society cause, and for their kindly ministrations to the people. On Thursday evening, May 20, at Loa, the newly appointed stake board held a social in honor of the retiring president and board members. Music, live wires, and songs by the members, and speeches by the guests of honor constituted a pleasing program. Games were enjoyed by all, after which refreshments were served. Mrs Grundy was presented with a gift as a token of respect for her many years of labor in the Relief Society cause. The newly appointed officers and board members are: Mrs. Mary A. Brinkerhoff, president; Mrs. Marguerite M. Meeks, first counselor; Mrs. Emily White, second counselor; Mrs. Emma Brinkerhoff, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Louise Morrell, supervisor of teachers; Mrs. Margaet J. Brian, organist and *Magazine* agent; Mrs. Olive E. Taft, supervisor of social service work; Mrs. Lucy S. Torger-

son, supervisor of theology lessons; Mrs. Luva S. Okerlund, supervisor of literary lessons.

Cache Stake.

The Cache stake Relief Society was reorganized in April. Mrs. Kinnie B. Caine resigned her position as stake president, and she and her Board were honorably released. Mrs. Caine has been faithful and efficient in her work, and with her ability and charming personality she has succeeded in placing her stake in an enviable position, and in winning many friends to the Relief Society cause. In recognition of the long and distinguished service of Mrs. Caine and the retiring members of her board, a testimonial was held in the Logan tabernacle. A program was given which included music and talks by leading workers in the organization, the various wards each furnishing a number. The retiring officers were presented with tokens of appreciation. The following new officers were sustained March 21, 1926. Relief Society stake president, Mrs. Lizzie B. Owen; counselors, Mrs. Sophia W. Cardon and Mrs. Lulu Y. Smith; secretary- treasurer, Mrs. Winifred B. Ensign.

Lost River Stake.

On April 25, at the quarterly stake conference of the Lost River stake, the Relief Society organization underwent a number of changes. Mrs. Ellen H. Lowry, who had been president for a little over six years was honorably released, and the following new board sustained: President, Mrs. Mary E. Black; counselors, Mrs. Mary A. Jeppersen and Mrs. Nilus W. Packer; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Josephine J. Toombs; assistant secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Lizzie Hoggan; chorister, Mrs. Florence Parkinson; organist, Mrs. Sarah Lowry; social service aid, Laura S. Rice; theology, Mrs. Josephine B. Quist; literature, Mrs. Christian Chamberlain.

On Wednesday, March 12, 1926, a visiting teachers' convention was held, followed by a social in honor of the retiring stake board. There were eight members on the old board, five being released and three retained in the new organization. A book was presented to each retiring sister and the two oldest, President Ellen H. Lowry and Mrs. J. Hannah Babcock, were presented with beautiful jardinieres as well. The social consisted of musical numbers and reading, with dainty refreshments.

Roosevelt Stake.

At the quarterly conference of the Roosevelt stake held in March, Mrs. Clara F. Hansen was honorably released as president of the stake Relief Society, and Mrs. Ada Johnson was sustained as her successor. Mrs. Hansen was commended for the excellent work she has accomplished during her term of office. and she

leaves the work with the good will of the entire community. The new stake organization is not complete at this writing.

Cottonwood Stake.

At the quarterly conference of the Cottonwood stake, held Sunday, May 23, the officers and members of the stake board of the Relief Society were released from further service on account of the illness and resignation of their president, Mrs. Amanda N. Bagley. New officers and board members were sustained as follows: President, Mrs. Vera P. Walquist; counselors, Mrs. Mable W. Miller and Mrs. Alice G. Silver; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Ivy C. Towler. The president, Mrs. Walquist, will have charge of the social service department; Mrs. Mildred E. Howe, the literary department; Mrs. Alice C. Casto, the theology department; Mrs. Sarah L. Brockbank, the applied art and sewing; Mrs. Ella M. Croxford, social service aid; Mrs. Carrie W. Quist, chorister.

In connection with the new organization a stake welfare committee to have charge of the special activities of the stake Relief Society under the direction of the new presidency was also appointed, with Mrs. Amanda N. Bagley, the retiring stake president, as chairman. The members of the committee with their special assignment follow: Mrs. Mary S. Cornwall and Mrs. Lyle M. Berry, supervisors of the maternity hospital; Mrs. Mary P. Lindsay, supervisor of the baby clinic; Mrs. Rena D. Wheeler and Mrs. Margaret O. Erekson, supervisors of the sewing department. All of the secretarial work, bookkeeping and finances of this committee will be handled by the stake secretary.

Several entertainments have been given in honor of the retiring stake board. Mrs. Mary S. Cornwall, counselor to Mrs. Bagley, entertained the board members with a supper at her home in connection with their final meeting, May 11. The following Friday afternoon, Mrs. Rose J. Fox, a board member, entertained the board at her home in Bennion ward, when the time was spent in games and reminiscences, with refreshments at the close. On June 8, Mrs. Ivy C. Towler, the secretary-treasurer, entertained the board members and the new Relief Society presidency at a luncheon at her home on South State street. On that occasion three handsome stand lamps were presented by the retiring board members to their former president and her counselors, Mrs. Bagley, Mrs. Cornwall and Mrs. Wheeler. Following this a few days later Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Hamilton entertained the old board and the new presidency at the Lindsay home in Taylorsville. At the regular annual Relief Society party to be given in the stake house with the opening of the fall work, the retiring board members will be the guests of the new stake organization.

Mrs. Bagley has been a most capable and energetic president.

with a keen sense of duty, and with a realization of her responsibility as the head of her stake. Through study, observation and definite research she became acquainted with the condition and needs of her stake at the outset, and with her superior intelligence and vision she set about to meet those needs and to develop the resources of the organization. The most outstanding piece of work brought about by Mrs. Bagley and her associates, aside from the regular work of the organization, was the establishment of the Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital, an institution with 12 beds. Mrs. Bagley saw the great need of such an institution, and with the approval and support of the Priesthood, it became a reality. The hospital will soon be closing its second successful year. The Cottonwood stake board also established a most successful clinic for children, which later has worked in close connection with the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the State Board of Health. The sewing department is another successful project of this energetic group of women.

Extract from the Life of Faith

"I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led,
Until one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master, face to face.

"With station and rank, and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body, but none for my soul,
I had entered to win in life's big race,
When I met the Master, face to face.

"I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That His eyes full of sorrow were fixed on me.
I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away,
Melted and vanished, and in their place,
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.

"And I cried aloud 'Oh, make me meet
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet.'
My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master, face to face."

Editors' Note: These verses were read at the Biennial Meeting of the Women of the United States, held last November in Detroit.

Guide Lessons for November

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

SOME SOCIAL ASPECTS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

1. *Attendance at the Celebration of the Planning of the Earth*:

This great social event occurred in the spirit world. It was a time of rejoicing in the heavens. It antedated the tragic event of the great rebellion which resulted in the triumph of a two-thirds majority of Heaven's hosts and the banishment of Satan and his legions.

The occasion of this first celebration of spiritual record was the completion of the plan for the organization of the growth and destiny of the planet on which we live. Although scripture does not name him as one of the participants, that Christ was there, there can be no doubt. That he was a leading actor is evident from the fact that the planet yet unformed was to be placed under his special care as one of its creators and the Redeemer of its inhabitants.—Job 38:1-7

2. *Jesus the Guest*:

From the time he was twelve years old to the night preceding the Passion Week, he manifested active interest in celebrating the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage. The Feast of the Passover was, as are our conferences, of a dual nature, both spiritual and social. Jesus had undoubtedly been habituated and traditionated to attendance at great spiritual and social gatherings of the people.

The first miracle of his mortal life was wrought at a village wedding where he met the unexpected needs of the occasion in a most masterly manner. In the light of what has transpired under his direction in our day, one is led to think that the changing of water into wine was prophetic of the substitution of water for wine in our sacramental service. At all events, this entertainment, like all others that were favored with his presence, had the education element in it. It was here that he gave evidence to the world of his power to miraculously accelerate nature in her productiveness.

He was guest of honor in the house of Simon the leper. This

feast was made memorable from the fact that Mary lovingly annointed him with ointment from an alabaster box, the price of which equalled that of a year's service. Her seeming extravagance was criticised, but Jesus came to her defense with a justification accompanied by a promise that immortalized her name and proclaimed the truth that nothing is too good for the Lord. Mark 14:3. Luke 7:37.

Jesus the Host:

Supper in the Wilderness. On this occasion, Jesus was host. His guests were a multitude of 5,000 weary and hungry people. The menu consisted of fish and bread,—a miraculous quantitative increase of five loaves and two fishes purchased from an enterprizing lad, the sole possessor of provisions in the great throng. Their tables were plots of nature's lawn—"There was much grass in the place." On each of these plots sat fifty people. The Twelve served under the Master's direction. Here we have an—

Object Lesson in Order—"Making them sit down by fifties in a company."

A Great Lesson in Reverence—"Then he took the five loaves and the two fishes and looking up to Heaven, he blessed them."

A Lesson in Economy—"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

A Lesson in Theology—That divine authority can command the elements and hasten the processes of nature.—Luke 9:11-17; John 6:5-14; Talmage's, *Jesus the Christ,* 333.

Jesus is host again in the wilderness. This repast differed from the previous one in the following particulars. The number was less by 1,000 men. The stock of provisions at hand was seven loaves and a few fishes instead of five loaves and two fishes. But fragments remaining were seven baskets instead of twelve. But in essentials, there was no difference. In the former instance, the thought of feeding the multitude was introduced by the Twelve with an expression of anxiety, "Send the multitude away that they may go to the towns." In the latter instance it was introduced by the Master with compassionate consideration—"I have compassion on the multitude because they have been with me three days and have had nothing to eat." But the latter repast was like the first in essentials—there was order, the blessing was asked, there was plenty for all and nothing was wasted, and the power over the elements was manifested.—Mark 8:1-22. Talmage's *Jesus the Christ,* 357.

The Lord's Supper:

This might be called an event of transition—the completion of the old and the beginning of the new sacrament. So far as records are concerned, it is the last meal of the Savior in mortality. There

was the preparation—the program. The place was a large upper room in Jerusalem. The time, Thursday evening. The participants were the Christ and the Twelve Apostles. The menu included at least bread, meat, and wine.

The events might be considered under eleven headings:—

Proceedings at the Table:

1. Introductory remarks—"I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." Luke 22:15.

2. The blessing and the passing of the bread—"This is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me." Luke 22:19.

3. The blessing and the passing of the wine—"This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." Luke 22:20.

4. The revelation of the perfidy of Judas. *Jesus the Christ*, Talmage; 599.

5. The promise to the twelve—"And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me;

"That ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Luke 22:29-30.

6. The strife over leadership—"For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am among you as he that serveth." Luke 22:27.

7. The ordinance of the washing of feet. This was an impressive lesson in service. It was more—"If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." John 13:8.

8. The departure of Judas—"That thou doest, do quickly," said Jesus to Judas, who left the room in anger. John 13:27.

9. The sermon at the supper. For the first time the Lord directed the disciples to pray in his name to the Father—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John 13:34-35.

10. The concluding prayer—"O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee: but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me. And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." John 17:25-26.

In the talk to the Apostles, Jesus for the first time taught the necessity of praying to the Father in his name—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." John 16:23-24.

"These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee:

"As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." John 17:1-2.

This is one of the greatest doctrinal prayers ever uttered—The most complete record is found in John 17.

11. Singing of the hymn. The scriptural statement is—"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives." Matthew 26:30.

It is pretty generally conceded that the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci is the greatest of all Christian paintings.

The Breakfast After the Resurrection:

Place—The shore of the Sea of Galilee. Time of day—early dawn. The menu—Broiled fish and bread. The fishermen—the apostles who had been fishing all night and had caught nothing.

Jesus directed them to success in their vocation, and provided them with their morning meal, in which he gave objective proof that they were still objects of his care.

Christ's Promised Entertainment on the Earth:

The Savior declared to the Prophet Joseph Smith that he would be in attendance at the gathering on the earth in company with the Angel Moroni, the Prophet Elias, John the Baptist, the Prophet Elijah, Joseph who was sold into Egypt, Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, Adam, Peter, James and John, and other spiritual worthies. D. & C. Section 27.

Summary of Lesson 2

Holding celebrations is a part of the abundant life of which the Savior spoke when he said—"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10.

Questions and Problems

1. How does Job prove that Jesus was at the celebration of the completion of the plan for this earth?

2. What did the people attempt to do with Jesus at the end of the supper in the wilderness where he fed the five thousand?—John 6:15.

LESSON II

Work and Business

TEACHERS TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER

HOME TALKS

Peace

"Blessed are the peace makers: for they shall be called the children of God." Matthew 5:9.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Proverbs 16:32.

I. Peace in the Home:
   1. Respect for opinions, property and feelings of one another contributes to peace in the home.
   2. Respect other races and do not speak slightingly of them before children in the home. An understanding of the customs and games of the children of other races lays a foundation for appreciation and understanding in later life.
   3. An effort to settle family disputes, etc., in a spirit of love and kindness, cultivates the spirit of peace.

II. Peace in the Community:

"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Ephesians 4:32.

"Let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor." Zechariah 8:17.

   1. Live the Gospel.
   2. Do not hold grudges against anyone in the community. (The holder of a grudge is the one most injured.)
   3. Do not envy neighbors but rejoice in their good fortune.
   4. Have confidence in others and they will have confidence in you.
   5. Have a desire to make others happy.
   6. Be anxious to assist neighbors in misfortune.

A peaceful community is a blessed place in which to live.

III. World Peace:
   1. Intelligent families, with high standards, do not settle their difficulties by fighting.
   2. Good neighbors arbitrate their differences.
   3. Intelligent and enlightened nations should have the same high standards in this respect as individuals and communities, and thus do away with the savagery and horror of war.
   4. International understanding and co-operation makes for world peace.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in November)

JEAN WEBSTER

Jean Webster was a modern college girl whose love for children was so great and whose disgust for the abuse of them so intense that from the fulness of her heart came two books—*Daddy-Long-Legs* and *Dear Enemy,* and from the fulness of her well stored mind has come the most forward-looking philosophy in relation to dependent children that has appeared in literature. This is our reason for presenting her books to Relief Society workers.

Jean Webster, the pen name used by Mrs. McKinney, came to her in her boarding school days. The name given her by her parents was Alice Jane Chandler Webster. Jane was the name of Mark Twain's mother and it had fallen to Miss Webster's lot to perpetuate this family name, as Mark Twain was her great uncle. When she arrived at boarding school, the girls selected for her room-mate was named Alice, also, and so to avoid confusion those in charge asked Miss Webster to take her second name. She thought Jane too plain a name so she changed it to Jean. The name appealed to her, and later as a writer, she retained her boarding school name.

Early in her career at Vassar College it was noted that she possessed a great deal of ability. It was the custom in her English course to require a theme a day, a practice coming from Harvard University, Barrett Wendell being its originator. Because of the merit of her papers she was appointed correspondent to the Poughkeepsie paper. One of the upper class girls played a practical joke on her which nearly resulted in her losing her position. However, she took the incident in good part and out of it grew her first book, entitled *When Patty went to College.* This book has been called "the best volume of undergraduate stories that ever emanated from a woman's college."

While her first book was at the publishers, she left her father's home, which was at Fredonia, New York, and went to New York City. There are two groups of people that find themselves very much at home in our modern day New York—people who are ambitious to become writers, and those who are interested in the drama. Jean Webster was very much at home in New York City for she found there the material that claimed her interest.

It was while she was in the home of a friend in Greenich, Connecticut, that she wrote her famous *Daddy-Long-Legs* that

has had even greater popularity as a play than as a story. After writing *Daddy-Long-Legs,* which revealed the tenderness of her soul towards children, she married Mr. McKinney. It seems the very irony of fate that this woman, whose heart had been so large and whose benefactions had been so many, should give her life for the life of another. It was in June, 1915, that she died, on the very day that her little daughter was born. When we think of the exquisite child she has given us in Allegra in her book called *Dear Enemy,* we are led to wonder whether her child would not have repeated in its life much of the beauty of that little girl.

Having traced a few of the events of her life, let us examine into her background.

By inheritance she had much of the sympathy, the sense of humor and the ability to portray character so marked in the writings of her illustrious forebear Mark Twain. She had the benefit of training in one of the best of American colleges. She, like her great uncle, was fond of travel in Europe, and it was given to her to spend a good many summers in that land that has contributed so much to the creative work of American writers.

Her intimate knowledge of the dialects of both the Irish and the Scotch adds a good deal to the humor of her books. That she was a linquist of some ability is evident from the fact that when she was writing *Daddy-Long-Legs* she conversed with a young Italian boy who was in the home of her friend in his native tongue. This young man stated later that he had read *Daddy-Long-Legs* a considerable time before its publication, from the discarded pages that she had thrown in the wastebasket. That she loved the beautiful waters of the Mediterranean and the soft skies of Italy is apparent to all who read her books with adequate grasp of their content.

Daddy-Long-Legs was inspired by a white marble statue of a girl in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin; at least we were so told by the rector in charge, while visiting the Cathedral, that Miss Webster had made such a statement. The statue is one of a girl who was adopted from an orphanage by an old gentleman who later contracted typhoid from his charge and died as a result.

Daddy-Long-Legs is the story of a little girl, Judy Abbott, who was reared in an orphanage. Later, having attracted the attention of one of the trustees, she was given an opportunity for a college education, knowing only that her benefactor was a trustee. Miss Webster adopted an old literary device, that of writing letters. In this instance she does all the writing and we have to surmise what has been written to her by her replies. In one sense it is like listening to one side of a telephone conversation—we can judge something of what is being said by the answers.

The orphanage in which little Judy Abbott was confined was

very disagreeable, and the woman in charge was a very disagreeable person. As Judy corresponds with her benefactor she makes known to him at what a loss she has been placed because she was deprived of home and parents as a child. Jean Webster has lifted her story out of what is oppressive, commonplace and dull, through two devices—the use of humor that plays constantly against the tragic, and by making a love story out of it. Judy's benefactor turns out to be a member of a very well known and highly respected American family, who falls in love with his charge and marries her.

After the publication of *Daddy-Long-Legs,* Miss Webster was solicited everywhere by social groups until she found herself practically the center of a reform movement. Then she published another book, *Dear Enemy,* in which she retains her hero and her heroine of *Daddy-Long-Legs,* and through a superintendent makes over the John Greer Home for orphans. To get rid of the old buildings and substitute for them modern cottages, she has the place burn down. Into her scheme of decoration she weaves much brightness and caters to the tastes of the children. Instead of having the children in little dull uniforms, she has them made little gowns of bright colors, each child selecting the colors she likes, each child being the possessor of her own clothes. It is in every way a thoroughly up-to-date book.

We quote the following from her last published work, *Dear Enemy,* "which beneath the light engaging love story that plays about the surface, presents the last word in the care of dependent children, is a book destined to do more effective service in behalf of these unfortunates than all the treatises yet published." She is said to have selected the names of her characters from the telephone book. She usually had somebody in mind as she drew her portraits. A most gratifying thought in relation to Jean Webster is that she exemplified her teachings in her life. She was a woman whose every day actions enriched and made beautiful the lives of others. There are some persons whose lives are so filled with beauty because of their good works that they strengthen our faith in the ideal and in the ultimate triumph of love in the world—such a character was Jean Webster.

Her books are enlivened throughout by copious illustrations that are often more humorous than anything she says. That humor was deep-seated in her is as evident from her drawings as from her speech. We include part of three chapters from *Dear Enemy* that you may have an idea of her writings:

Friday.

Dear Judy:

Yesterday morning, without the slightest warning, a station hack drove up to the door and disgorged upon the steps two men, two little

boys, a baby girl, a rocking-horse, and a Teddy bear, and then drove off!

The men were artists, and the little ones were children of another artist, dead three weeks ago. They had brought the mites to us because they thought "John Grier" sounded solid and respectable, and not like a public institution. It had never entered their unbusiness-like heads that any formality is necessary about placing a child in an asylum.

I explained that we were full, but they seemed so stranded and aghast, that I told them to sit down while I advised them what to do. So the chicks were sent to the nursery, with a recommendation of bread and milk, while I listened to their history. Those artists had a fatally literary touch, or maybe it was just the sound of the baby girl's laugh, but, anyway, before they had finished, the babes were ours.

Never have I seen a sunnier creature than the little Allegra (we don't often get such fancy names or such fancy children). She is three years old, is lisping funny baby-talk and bubbling with laughter. The tragedy she has just emerged from has never touched her. But Don and Clifford, sturdy little lads of five and seven, are already solemn-eyed and frightened at the hardness of life.

Their mother was a kindergarten teacher who married an artist on a capital of enthusiasm and a few tubes of paint. His friends say that he had talent, but of course he had to throw it away to pay the milkman. They lived in a haphazard fashion in a rickety old studio, cooking behind screens, the babies sleeping on shelves.

But there seems to have been a very happy side to it—a great deal of love and many friends, all more or less poor, but artistic and congenial and high-thinking. The little lads, in their gentleness and fineness, show that phase of their up bringing. They have an air which many of my children, despite all the good manners I can pour into them, will forever lack.

The mother died in the hospital a few days after Allegra's birth, and the father struggled on for two years, caring for his brood and painting like mad—advertisements, anything—to keep a roof over their heads.

He died in St. Vincent's three weeks ago—over-work, worry, pneumonia. His friends rallied about the babies, sold such of the studio fittings as had escaped pawning, paid off the debts, and looked about for the best asylum they could find. And, Heaven save them! they hit upon us!

Well, I kept the two artists for luncheon,—nice creatures in soft hats and Windsor ties, and looking pretty frayed themselves,—and then started them back to New York with the promise that I would give the little family my most parental attention.

So here they are, one little mite in the nursery, two in the kindergarten-room, four big packing-cases full of canvases in the cellar, and a trunk in the store-room with the letters of their father and mother. And a look in their faces, an intangible spiritual *something*, that is their heritage.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

J. F. disentangled himself from her endearments, and emerged, rumpled as to hair, but with a firm-set jaw. He set her on her feet, but retained her little doubled-up fist.

"This is the kid for me," he said. "I don't believe I need look any further."

I explained that we couldn't separate little Allegra from her brothers; but the more I objected, the stubborner his jaw became. We went back to the library, and argued about it for half an hour.

He liked her heredity, he liked her looks, he liked her spirit, he liked

her. If he was going to have a daughter foisted on him, he wanted one with some ginger. He'd be hanged if he'd take that other whimpering thing. It wasn't natural. But if I gave him Allegra, he would bring her up as his own child, and see that she was provided for the rest of her life. Did I have any right to cut her out from all that just for a lot of sentimental nonsense? The family was already broken up; the best I could do for them now was to provide for them individually.

"Take all three," said I, quite brazenly.

But, no, he couldn't consider that; his wife was an invalid, and one child was all that she could manage.

Well, I was in a dreadful quandary. It seemed such a chance for the child, and yet it did seem so cruel to separate her from those two adoring little brothers. I knew that if the Bretlands adopted her legally, they would do their best to break all ties with the past, and the child was still so tiny she would forget her brothers as quickly as she had her father.

Then I thought about you, Judy, and of how bitter you have always been because, when that family wanted to adopt you, the asylum wouldn't let you go. You have always said that you might have had a home, too, like other children, but that Mrs. Lippett stole it away from you. Was I perhaps stealing little Allegra's home from her? With the two boys it would be different; they could be educated and turned out to shift for themselves. But to a girl a home like this would mean everything. Ever since baby Allegra came to us, she has seemed to me just such another child as baby Judy must have been. She has ability and spirit. We must somehow furnish her with opportunity. She, too, deserves her share of the world's beauty and good—as much as nature fitted her to appreciate. And could any asylum ever give her that? I stood and thought while Mr. Bretland impatiently paced the floor.

"You have these boys down and let me talk to them," Mr. Bretland insisted. "If they have a spark of generosity, they'll let her go."

I sent for them, but my heart a solid lump of lead. They were still missing their father; it seemed merciless to snatch away that darling baby sister, too.

They came hand in hand, sturdy, fine little chaps, and stood solemnly at attention, with big, wondering eyes fixed on the strange gentleman.

"Come here, boys. I want to talk to you." He took each by a hand. "In the house I live in we haven't any little baby, so my wife and I decided to come here, where there are so many babies without fathers and mothers, and take one home to be ours. She will have a beautiful house to live in, and lots of toys to play with, and she will be happy all her life—much happier than she could ever be here. I know that you will be very glad to hear that I have chosen your little sister."

"And won't we ever see her any more?" asked Clifford.

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

Clifford looked from me to Mr. Bretland, and two big tears began rolling down his cheeks. He jerked his hand away and came and hurled himself into my arms.

"Don't let him have her! Please! Send him away!"

"Take them all," I begged.

But he's a hard man.

"I didn't come for an entire asylum," he said shortly.

By this time Don was sobbing on the other side. And then who should inject himself into the hubbub but Dr. MacRae, with Allegra in his arms!

I introduced them, and explained. Mr. Bretland reached for the baby, and Sandy held her tight.

"Quite impossible," said Sandy, shortly. "Miss McBride will tell you that it's one of the rules of this institution never to separate a family."

"Miss McBride has already decided," said J. F. B. stiffly. "We have fully discussed the question."

"You must be mistaken," said Sandy, becoming his Scotchest, and turning to me. "You surely had no intention of performing any such cruelty as this?"

Here was the decision of Solomon all over again, with the two stubbornest men that the good Lord ever made, wresting poor little Allegra limb from limb.

I despatched the three chicks back to the nursery and returned to the fray. We argued loud and hotly, until finally J. F. B. echoed my own frequent query of the last five months? "Who is the head of this asylum, the superintendent or the visiting physician?"

I was furious with the doctor for placing me in such a position before that man, but I couldn't quarrel with him in public; so I had ultimately to tell Mr. Bretland, with finality and flatness, that Allegra was out of the question. Would he not consider Sophie?

The John Grier Home,
January14.

Dear Judy:—

Listen to this! J. F. Bretland read about our fire in a New York paper, (I will say that the metropolitan press made the most of the details,) and he posted up here in a twitter of anxiety. His first question was, "Is Allegra safe?".

"Yes," said I.

"Thank God!" he cried and dropped into a chair. "This is no place for children," he said severely, "and I have come to take her home. I want the boys, too," he added hastily before I had a chance to speak. "My wife and I have talked it over, and we have decided that since we are going to the trouble of starting a nursery, we might as well run it for three as for one."

I led him to the library, where our little family has been domiciled since the fire, and ten minutes later, when I was called down to confer with the trustees, I left J. F. Bretland with his new daughter on his knee and a son leaning against each arm, the proudest father in the United States.

Suggestions: To take the place of Problems and Questions.

The class leader should obtain *Daddy-Long-Legs* and *Dear Enemy* so that the books may be reviewed for the members of the class. If you cannot find them in your public libraries, or obtain them from private individuals, send to McClurg & Company, of Chicago, and they will furnish them for you.

Lesson IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

INTELLECTUAL PROBLEMS

Julian and Vera

The last lesson discussed two children who were not, natively, very bright. According to the mental measurements they were

classified as "borderline" types. Because of their limited intelligence they had difficulties in their school careers, and special attention had to be given them to assist them in attaining their highest possible level.

But it is not only the backward child who has difficulty in school. Children who are in the normal group (those who have I. Q's from 90 to 110) and even those who measure superior (I. Q. 110 to 120) sometimes fail to make satisfactory progress at school. The boy, Julian, age 13 had an I. Q. of 95. but had so many difficulties that he became a truant and was branded as a mean, vicious boy. Vera, age 10, had an I. Q. of 123, and was about to be dropped from her school because of inefficient work.

Without the help of the mental test, and without a study of the physical, emotional and social make-up of these two children, they would undoubtedly have been considered stupid by both teacher and parents. Failure at school work is not a safe index to a child's intelligence. Failure may be the result of many other factors besides limited intelligence, so teachers and parents should exercise great caution in judging a child "backward" or "stupid" on the sole evidence of the inability of a child to perform the school work.

It often happens that a child is retarded in his work because of some physical defect. A bright child with some eye trouble may have great difficulty to learn to read and spell, and if the defect is not detected and treated he may be considered slow and backward. A child who is hard of hearing is likewise handicapped in his school work and is in danger of school failure unless his ear defect is discovered and understood by the teacher. Children recovering from serious illness, or children with diseased tonsils or enlarged glands may be retarded in their school work, not because of mental dulness, but because of their lack of physical vigor.

Not only physical defects but physical development affects a child's mental processes. An overgrown boy who is developed two or three years beyond his age may have serious difficulties at school. He may feel awkward and conspicuous in a class of children his own age, and he perhaps has no outlet in an ordinary grade school for his physical energies. With boys his own size, he could find outlets in trade work or athletics, but he could not compete with them in academic work. A boy of this type is likely to become irritable and restless, and because of his unhappiness and irritability may lose interest and even fail in work that he has the intelligence to perform.

A normal child who is physically undeveloped may have a hard time to keep pace with schoolmates his own age, and who

have the same mental endowments. Not having the vigor of more normally developed children, he will perhaps only half complete his tasks and naturally receive lower grades.

It is obvious, then, that children should be carefully studied before they are designated as stupid. The child who is in danger of failing in school work should be given mental examinations at various intervals. A thorough physical examination is of greatest importance, as it may reveal physical defects or abnormalities that are the direct cause of the child's failure. A study of the social and emotional factors in the child's life may likewise reveal the causes of maladjustment. Treatment of these physical, or social or emotional difficulties often saves the child from the rank of the "dull" and the "failures," and places him on the path of development and progress.

The record of Julian and his school experience is not a pleasant one. Julian was not understood in the school, and it was not until he entered industry that he developed dependability and gained self-respect. His failure in school cannot be attributed to his stupidity, for his mental test showed that he had normal intelligence. It is interesting and instructive to observe the factors in his school life that made difficulties for him, and to note that with his removal from these irritating factors he showed no further manifestations of unruliness and unreliability. It, of course, is regrettable that this adjustment could not have been made in the school, giving him the advantage of additional years of school training.

Julian had several difficulties, no one of which alone would have been very serious. In the first place, although a normal child, he was not as far advanced according to his age as the other members of his family. He had not been promoted three different times, although at thirteen he was only a year retarded. It is not difficult to imagine his humiliation at home, in a family where the children always "pass." Families, sometimes, have a way of being not too gentle in discussing one of the member's weaknesses. To add to his sense of failure, a brother two years younger was in the same grade with Julian, and this situation usually causes unhappiness for the older one. Julian, because of his maturity, had worked in the Summer and had associated with older boys. Their companionship was not entirely wholesome, but he undoubtedly admired their independence, and felt he was almost one of them.

Realizing, then, his irritants in school and his feeling of maturity, it easily can be understood that the slap he received from his teacher was more than his self-respect could tolerate. He could think of only one thing to do—escape. When reality becomes intolerable, all persons seek an "escape"—either by

physically running away, or by unconcious mental devices such as day-dreaming, fainting, amnesia, etc.

Julian's escape, playing truant from school, led him into difficulties with the juvenile officers and he was about to be sent to a Truant School. His parents interceded, so he was given an opportunity to attend a rural school, but because of a family quarrel he met new difficulties. He was then permitted to return home, and secured work with his father. Relieved of his struggle to compete at school work, and placed on a different plane as a wage-earner, he soon acquired steady habits and gained self-respect.

Truancy should not be considered an offense punishable by certain penalties such as commitment to a Truant and Training School. The offender is a child, whose truancy is a symptom of some maladjustment in his home, or school, or mental or emotional life. The causes underlying his truancy should be carefully and sympathetically studied and treated by a skilled person. Julian was not a vicious boy in need of commitment. He was not a stupid boy. He was a normal boy, who was handicapped by his family's and the school's lack of understanding of his difficulties.

Vera was a bright girl, whose I. Q. varied at different tests between 110 and 133. She had a nervous twitching of the eyes. For a time she was two years advanced for her real age, but now at the age of ten she remained in the fifth grade two years. She was permitted to enter the sixth grade but was demoted. The school was a private one, and all the members had I. Q.'s. As Vera was failing, she was asked to withdraw.

It can easily be understood that Vera was nervous and neurotic, and that she cried frequently, when we learn that Vera was always under a strain and pressure. Her parents were too eager for her advance in school. Her father was a temperamental musician, interested only in her music, and her mother was attempting to give her daughter all the opportunities she missed in her own childhood. So Vera was urged beyond her physical endurance by the emotional strain placed on her by her parents. Because of this constant, intense drive to progress, Vera developed many nervous symptoms, including chorea (St. Vitus dance) and cross eye.

These symptons, with some simple treatment disappeared as soon as the child was relieved of the pressure placed on her by the school and parents. When it was explained that it would be a most trying experience to the girl to be dropped from the school, she was permitted to remain. With the removal of the fear of being dropped, her assurance returned and her school work improved.

The ability to advance in school does not depend alone on the I. Q. A child should not be pushed to the point where he is under a physical or nervous strain.

Reference: *Challenge of Childhood,* by Dr. Ira S. Wile—Julian and Vera—pages 103 to 112.

Questions and Problems

1. Why is the school failure of a child not a safe measure of backwardness?
2. Why are children with physical defects often retarded? What measures are taken in your school to detect physical defects?
3. How does physical over and underdevelopment affect school progress?
4. Why was Julian unhappy at school? What change might have made him more contented at school.
5. Why should truancy be considered a symptom of maladjustment?
6. Why were Vera's parents unwise in pushing her in school, even though she was unusually bright?
7. What nervous symptons did she develop?
8. What are other symptons of nervous or emotional strain?

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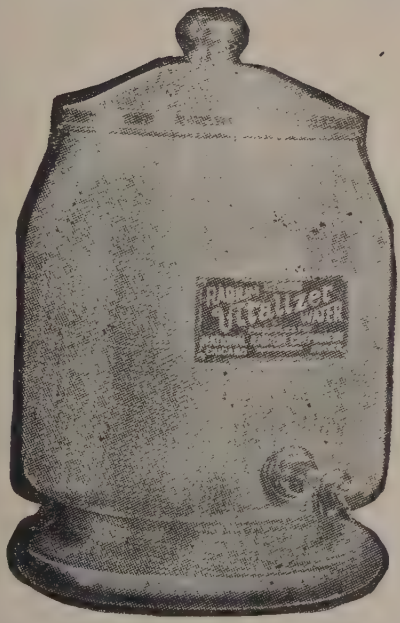

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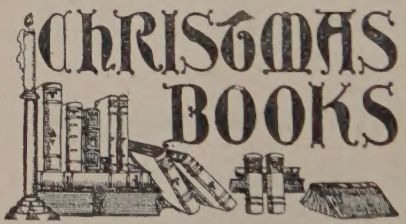

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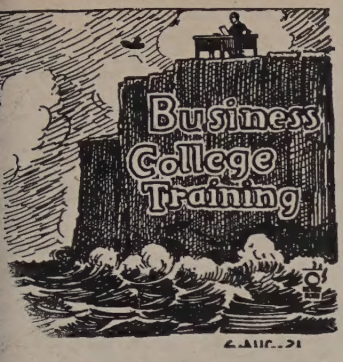

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